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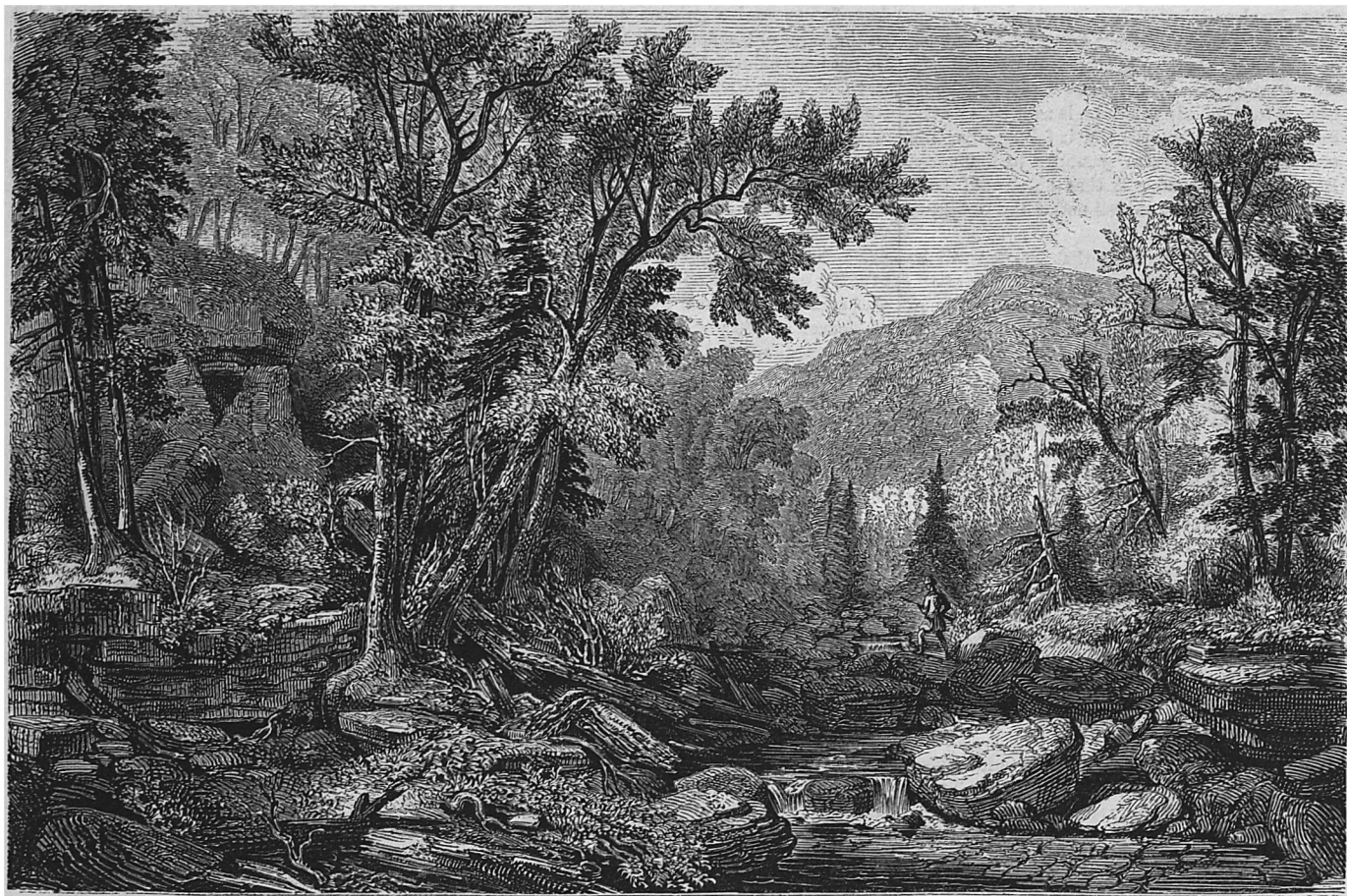
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KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

Engraved by BOBBETT &amp; EDMONDS, from a Painting by A. B. DURAND, P. N. A., in the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

## THE TWENTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

## SECOND NOTICE.

If you desire, gentle reader, to visit the Exhibition when it will bestow the most enjoyment, go early in the morning, when its galleries are nearly empty. Avoid it in the evening, when the atmosphere is unpleasant and the gas-light falsifies the colors, and an unsympathizing crowd disturbs the reveries that some charming transcript of nature may awaken. The chattering groups, who select this latter time for visiting the rooms, and occupy themselves principally in discussing resemblances between portraits and their originals, afford better opportunities for anthropological than artistic study, and there is more amusement in the *tableaux vivans* than the productions of the easel. But in the clear bright morning, when the beaux are behind their counters, when the belles are washing breakfast-cups, and fond mothers preparing for school the little urchins whose unmeaning images, resplendent in velvet and ribbands, were, the night before, to them the chief attraction of the Exhibition—at that hour, when you may saunter undisturbed through the halls, you will receive a pleasure from the pictures that you never understood before. There is something in the still beauty of these landscapes which, like that of the scenes they represent, is impaired by the presence of unfeeling crowds. As one prefers to be alone, or beside congenial

companions, when looking forth upon real prospects of beauty or grandeur, so even their painted representations may be more fully enjoyed under similar circumstances.

We believe no one who passes a quiet hour in this way among these pictures, will hesitate to acknowledge the high position which American art has taken in the department of landscape. So far as we have the means of judging, its productions, considered as a whole, and regarding the number of artists employed possess more freedom and vigor, a closer intimacy with nature, than can be found in any foreign school. There is not so much learning, not so much minute and laborious finish as may frequently be observed in European works, but for all that, our men seem to be better favorites with Nature, and admitted with all their rough ways more freely into her most delightful haunts. It was not to the trim and courtly citizen that Diana unveiled her beauties, but only to the untutored shepherd-boy—the solitary Endymion, watching through the night in the recesses of the dark green woods.

We alluded last month to Mr. DURAND's large work, *Kaaterskill Clove*. He exhibits several other excellent pictures, the quiet, unostentatious character of which, and their general correspondence in treatment with many previously seen, may prevent some visitors from inspecting them with the care they deserve. The love of novelty, unhappily, causes us often to be unjust to old friends in painting, as in other arts. As

we are inclined to forget the gentleness and pathos of Bellini, in the noisy vehemence of the more fashionable Verdi, so, perhaps, have we neglected Durand a little in our admiration of the striking productions of some of his youthful competitors. If we were not familiar with his style, we believe the seven or eight works now contributed by him would make more stir in the artist-world than did the famous *Lake Scene* and others that were so popular a few years since.

Mr. KENSSETT exhibits fourteen works—a larger number than any other artist. His staple basis of gray imparts a silvery quiet, a harmonious quality to his pictures, which places him among the most deserving claimants of the honors of landscape. His power is greater in the language of his art—color—than in the thoughts to which he applies its utterance. He is a thorough artist to the core, and reaches us through that sense of the beautiful which dwells in the hearts of all. We are particularly pleased with No. 85, a *Holiday in the Woods*, where the rich color, the long slanting lights through the woods, broken by the shadows of the trunks, and the sunshine of the distance, form a beautiful combination of effects. The *Indian Rendezvous*, No. 113, with its vigorous handling and misty background, is also a pleasing picture. There is something highly poetical in No. 312, a Valley after sunset, and we would recommend the studies of *Rocks* as examples of the most clear and accurate perception of natural forms.



THE TYPES OF BEAUTY.

Engraved by BOBBETT &amp; EDMONDS, from a Painting by T. P. ROSARTER, N. A., in the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

HUNTINGTON contributes two landscapes. One of these, *A Cavern in the Mountains*, belongs to the Art-Union, and is bold and effective in forms and in the distribution of light and shadow. Both of them are creations of the studio, rather than the clear bright open air. They are not intended to be simple mirror-like renderings of the external world, but rather the painter's thoughts projected into and incorporated with the appearances of nature.

*A Lee Shore*, No. 364, by WEIR, is the work of a fine artist, which interests us not because it possesses beauty, but from features that excite the imagination,—the looming up of a three-master under full sail dimly discerned through the haze, and the dangerous proximity of a rocky coast, while the moonlight faintly struggling amidst the serried masses of storm-cloud adds to the wildness of the scene. The dashing of the surf in the right foreground shows a want of study of such effects, and the whole work, like several of this artist's that we have seen, is more effective on account of what it suggests than what it represents.

Two small, well-finished landscapes by CASILEAR, Nos. 167 and 175, possess qualities which captivate from the first. They remind us of Durand and Kensett—the sunny haze and summer day-gleam of the one, and the sylvan silveriness of the latter. In cleanliness and precision of touch, they surpass both. With all this,

however, there is the merest little touch of the tea-board—the slightest suspicion of the vignette. The higher qualities, above mentioned, are not realized to the full, and therefore, however captivating, these pictures will not be lasting in their influence.

Among the younger landscape artists, GIFFORD, HUBBARD, JOHNSON, and CHAMPNEY, show great promise. We may associate the names of the two first together, because, although totally distinct upon most points, they still meet on the common ground of feeling in their perception of nature—a fine, calm receptiveness of her displays of the grand and the beautiful. *Sundown*, No. 393, by Hubbard, is an instance. The sentiment of this work is strongly marked. Each phase of daylight seems to move as in a different manner. Here the language of color suggests the most quiet and profound reverie. The slightest rustling in the trees—the sway of some loose weed in the branches on the right—the slow and steady course of the fugitive cloud northward into the russet gloom, all tell of that change in the condition of the air which ushers in the closing darkness. There is something, also, in a few trifling touches of pine-trees as they catch the light rim of the horizon, that is finely suggestive. There is a fullness in the tawney dusk of the sky which has a less ethereal quality than would seem to belong to clouds that veil the splendor of the declining sun. We venture to say, that

the fullness of tint in this part of the real scene, was not a whit less than the artist has given. A slight increase of depth in the entire dark below the horizon, would have more effectually than any other treatment thinned this palpableness in the sky tint. In the *View of Sandy Beach*, No. 387, by the same hand, the motion of the water is cleverly represented.

Mr. GIFFORD is remarkably successful in the delineation of spring scenery, and of still water. In his *Mount Merino*, No. 87, the subject is clearly expressed, freely and yet sincerely painted. The mirror-like softness of the lake, in the middle distance, is beautiful. Mr. Gifford displays here the handling of a master, though by no means a loose touch which is often mistaken for it. RICHARDS shows improvement, particularly in No. 93, the *Meditation in the Catskills*.

We have a few words to say respecting the foreign artists domiciled among us, and engaged in the department under consideration. Of these, Messrs. MULLER, HEINE, HEYDE, and KUMMER are entitled to especial notice.

*Table Rock, with a part of the Horse-shoe Falls*, No. 13, by H. Muller, has many excellent qualities, although it is unsatisfactory, as every view is that we have seen of this object. The treatment reminds us of Achenbach. The water is admirably painted, but the wreck of stones in the foreground is not of proper proportions to

add to the vastness of the scene. We see nothing of those grand battlements of rock in which, as Brainard said, "God has notched his centuries." The picture, however, exhibits much power in the executive resources of the art. *Wood Life*, No. 20, by Heine, is full of nature. It represents a bivouac of artists on the banks of one of the rapid rivers of the northern part of the state of New-York. The hazy atmosphere is cleverly rendered, as well as the effect of light among the trees, and the work altogether gives one a vivid impression of the real scene. Mr. SATTLER, the painter of the cosmorama views now on exhibition, contributes two works. The best is the *Bay of Sorrento*, quite a gem in its way, and somewhat suggestive of the paintings of Joseph Vernet. The other, *The Cedars of Lebanon*, is interesting, but very dry. From similar studies we presume the Cosmorama views are painted, particular reference being had in their treatment to the refractive influence of the lens. The peculiarities of the German school are conspicuous in the works of all these gentlemen—a dryness and want of freedom which are scarcely compensated by the finish and accuracy of detail.

Of the four hundred and sixteen objects included in the catalogue, about one hundred and seventy-five are landscapes, and about one hundred and fifty portraits. The remainder are chiefly figure compositions, ideal heads, animals, and still-life pieces. It will be seen, therefore, that this Exhibition illustrates the fact which is every where so conspicuous—the great attention paid by American artists to landscape and portraiture in preference to other departments.

We shall not devote much space to the portraits. The same men have excelled this year who have frequently before received the tribute of public admiration, and some of them have never done so well as now. There are two or three portraits of Hicks, for instance, that unite a fine perception of color with extraordinary evidence of strength. The character of the subject seems, in each case, to have been seized with a firm hand and fixed unmistakably upon the canvas, while all the resources of color, chiaro-scuro and contour, have been added to elevate the picture to the dignity of a fine work of art. ELLIOTT's portraits, although not entirely free from a certain greenness in the flesh tints, are masterly in point of execution. No. 61, is well modelled and forcible, and the lady with a fur cape is highly artistic. BAKER's portrait of Mr. Allen, sustains the high reputation which this young artist has already obtained. We are much pleased also with two heads by GRAY; No. 82 is a quiet, unpretending portrait, full of the character of the subject, and No. 146, a child's head, is particularly clever in the flesh tints, and full of grace and simplicity. Mr. HUNTINGTON's portrait of Mr. Strong is one of his best works in this department. There is much that is promising in Mr. STAIGG's miniatures. They show a fine sense of color and a treatment broad and *washy* even to carelessness, but this is not displeasing in a department where there is a temptation to err in the contrary direction. We think we see in these works evidences of the study of Malbone and Stewart. The former's mode of drawing and blocking the features may be traced in the head of the youth No. 283, and the color of the latter artist in the face of the elderly gentleman No. 282. We do not mention

this to detract in the least from Mr. Staigg's reputation. He manifests sufficient original power to show that it is entirely unnecessary for him to become a copyist, and indeed it is high praise of itself to say that he reminds us of men so distinguished as the two we have named. There are several clever crayon portraits by COLYER, DUGGAN, and MARTIN. The first of these gentlemen shows a strong feeling for chiaro-scuro, and his works are excellent in form and modeling. There is a purity—a lucidness about the female head No. 248, which is charming. In Mr. MARTIN's single contribution, No. 253, the grace and simplicity of childhood are well expressed. Of Mr. DUGGAN's portraits, that of Darley, the artist, No. 261, pleases us the best. It is boldly and carelessly executed, but it imprisons the very soul of its subject under its few vigorous lines and dashes. When one looks at the mouth, one feels the force of the expression a "speaking" likeness.

We have to lament, as we have frequently done before, the want of satisfactory female portraits in oils. In the present state of this department of the art, we should greatly prefer a crayon drawing like that of Colyer, No. 248, than a more costly work in the other style. We fear that artists think too much of parading their executive power in the draperies and accessories, and too little of the character of their subjects. The purity and delicacy of American female beauty—qualities for which it is particularly distinguished throughout the world, are entirely overlaid and concealed by the display of brilliant execution. There is a sort of immodesty and vulgarity in this obtrusion of feathers, lace, satin, necklaces, and earrings. A quiet, low tone—a retiring, unpretending style, which does not speedily attract us, but when once it gains our attention enchains it always—is better adapted to such portraits than a flaunting manner that challenges our admiration as soon as we enter the gallery. The dress should be of some neutral tint; the attitude an easy and natural one, referable to some other occupation than sitting for a likeness; the hands and arms, if possible, should be shown. There is an immense deal of expression in these members, which is lost in ordinary pictures. A few bits of bright color may be introduced here and there—a flower, or a single piece of jewelry, for instance, and they will tell under such circumstances to a much greater degree than "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind" in ordinary works. There is a portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn, at Mr. Coneley's, the frame-maker's, which nearly fulfils all the conditions of excellence we have enumerated above, and which, although in very bad order, would afford an excellent study to artists in this department.

It remains for us to notice the figure, compositions, ideal heads, and works of similar character, a branch which ordinarily is the first to claim our attention, but on account of its comparative meagerness in the present Exhibition is properly postponed to this place. We have already mentioned its most conspicuous examples, *The Types of Beauty* by ROSSITER and the *Defence of Toleration* by ROTHERMEL. Perhaps we should have included with these Mr. FREEMAN's *Study of an Angel*, as well for the thought it embodies as for its artistic execution. The form is loose, but the drawing ought not to be criticised, because this general drawing is so consistent

throughout. We accept it as professing no more than it achieves—as an approximation only to the tensity of beautiful form. Far higher pretensions to form have sometimes provoked our criticism because of their inequality—the refinement of one part only making more conspicuous the defects of the careless passages. The color, also, which elsewhere would be defective from the strange disturbing and overcharging of the warm and cold relations of the lights, half-tints, shadows and reflections, is here most peculiarly and poetically appropriate from an all-pervading and subdued prismatic quality. Our enjoyment of the transparent and guileless features is somewhat marred by the hackneyed ideals of Westall's heads that approach without reaching the expression of this. With all drawbacks and defects, however, the work has that peculiar kind of beauty which when once seen constantly haunts the memory. This is an angel who must have been a mortal. It has less of the calm serenity of the heavenly host than of the warm gushing tenderness of human nature. With its hands crossed over the breast, its large blue eyes bent downwards, its dishevelled hair thrown back from its pure brow, it conveys ideas of celestial purity and holiness mingled with the expression of love, pity, and reverence. There is much that is highly imaginative in Mr. GRAY's head, *King Death*. In its gigantic proportions and fixed immovableness it seems almost an Egyptian conception, and takes us back to the tomb of the Pharaohs and the mysteries of Isis. It is a work which ought to be hung by itself. Its sepulchral pallor and rigid outlines throw every thing around it, into burlesque and absurdity. The amiable portraiture looks like so many toys on the sea of life, near this solemn and sad-eyed King of Terrors. Without criticising it minutely we may say that the cutting of the shroud upon the white ground gains less in our opinion than is lost from the want of atmosphere around the head. Hicks has fewer works in this department than we had hoped he would display. The *Aztec Princess* is an instructive example of how a fine perception of color may enable an artist to *key* a single piece of drapery until it shines out with the utmost resplendency and becomes the governing point of color to the eye. The red in this object owes its intensity to *relation* alone, and is by no means the most glaring pigment of the palette. A study of color (No. 316) by this artist in the style of Diaz has occasioned some wonderment among the uninitiated as to the subject. Of course the telling of a story did not enter into the plan of the painter, but it is curious to see how completely the idea is concealed, a friend of ours maintaining that it represents *Indians selling skins*, while we believe that it is intended for the *Good Samaritan*. We have mentioned Mr. MOUNT's *Grindstone*. His only other contribution is *Just in Tune* (No. 80), the portrait of a young man tuning his violin, with which many of our readers must be familiar through the engraving published by Goupil and Vibert. The truth to nature in this work, notwithstanding its defects in color and handling, is most extraordinary. It is the nearest approach to the painting of sound we have ever seen, and evinces, unmistakably, the genius of its author. EDMONDS still preserves the temple of his art free from the money-changers, notwithstanding they dwell so near to it, and gives us another of his characteristic transcripts of every-day life. He



surprises us by the freedom and cleanliness of his touch. Two or three of RANNEY'S pictures have a blunt vigor about them which is appropriate to their subjects, drawn from the rough life of the prairies. They are not so full of vitality nor so successful in drawing as some of his works of the last year. Indeed, in this matter of form we have almost given up in despair the expectation of ever seeing our artists decently successful. It is the corner-stone of technical excellence, but is so rarely cultivated that we have left it nearly out of sight in these criticisms, intending to make some general salvo like this without taking the trouble of constantly interposing a qualification upon this point. There is so much the greater propriety, however, in fully acknowledging any exhibition of success in this department in the rare instances in which it occurs, therefore we take great pleasure in noticing the Crayon Sketches of Mr. DUGGAN, the Professor of Drawing in the Free Academy. One of these, a *Holy Family*, has been greatly admired for the dignity and correctness of its forms, and a sort of quiet and repose which admirably suit the subject. The figures are less intimately grouped than is usual in this class of pictures. Joseph and Mary stand apart, one on each side of the children, St. John and the Saviour, who occupy the centre while bending down from above and completing the pyramidal arrangement, are two angels most beautifully drawn and full of aerial grace and lightness. There is less beauty in the heads of the parents than we could have desired, particularly in the Joseph, in the eyes of which there seems to be a fault, but the general arrangement and the whole conception of the work are original and striking. The sketch from *Pilgrim's Progress*, by the same artist, also shows the careful study of form that characterizes him, combined with much that is highly imaginative and expressive. We are glad to hear that Prof. Duggan, in addition to his public duties at the Academy, is willing to give private instruction in his art. We know of no more competent master in the country. We were much pleased with a sketch by ROSSITER, called *Expectancy*, a graceful bit of color which reminded us of the French school, and might well have come from some of its most successful pupils. We desire to notice also, a piece of broad fun by CLONNEY (No. 409), CRANCH'S *Dogberry and Verges*, the faces of which show a great deal of true Shaksperian humor, and THOMPSON'S *Thanksgiving Dinner*, that in color, expression, and character, is a marked improvement upon his former efforts. We must not forget PEEL, whose *Puck* is a happy rendering of that character so far as expression is concerned, although the forms are unpleasant, nor LIBBEY, whose vigorous and conscientious design has always given us pleasure in spite of the hardness of his outline, nor CHAPPELL, represented by a single work, which, however, does not sustain the promise of some of his previous productions.

Besides the pictures of native and resident artists, the Exhibition is graced by several which have come from distinguished hands abroad. The most interesting among these, are two drawings in charcoal by the great OVERBECK of Rome. These works are characterized by extreme purity of design, and great simplicity and directness in the manner of narrating the subject. They show a thorough knowledge of draperies; that on the reproving Saviour particularly is ad-

mirable. The ideal of the principal figure in this work, *Christ awakening his Disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane*, is full of dignity and power. Shall we venture to say that this is not the case in the other drawing, *The Incredulity of St. Thomas*, and that the forms there are mean and long-bodied, the drapery on the loins unskillfully arranged, and the manner too much after the "Pre-Raphaelite" model? In the first design there is great breadth in the drawing, and grandeur of style. These works are executed in charcoal, the finest material we know, for softness and delicacy of effect. They exhibit no retouching. The marks here are as they fell from the hands of their distinguished author. A *St. Cecilia*, by FLATZ, is beautifully drawn in parts particularly in the hands. Of the English school, we have a vigorous water-color by MACLISE, and examples of STANFIELD, COOPER, and HURLSTONE. The Stanfield shows the settled, well-adjusted power of an experienced hand. It is an inferior work of a capital artist. The color is solid and cool; the characteristic touch and manner are conspicuous, something that reminds one of scene-painting and distemper. The sky is fine and transparent, particularly at night. The Cooper is a better instance of its author's power. The clear, silvery gray color, the quality of the light, the beauty of the touch, are strikingly meritorious. The forms of the animals are true and satisfactory in every way. Hurlstone's *Lady Macbeth* is a picture painted in oils, in the water-color manner. There is a great deal of off-hand, dashing execution about it, but we cannot conceive why it should have been baptized with the name of Shakspeare's terrible heroine. That ideal has been considerably tamed down, at any rate, by Mr. Hurlstone, in his embodiment of it, to suit the elegance of the drawing-room where it is to hang. The two КОЕЦКОЕЦЬS are admirable in all that pertains to manipulation. The air in them, however, is by no means the fresh breath of heaven. They remind us of Berghem, and we see in them a great deal of talent, and much more knowledge of art than intimacy with nature. The sheep and poultry of ROBBE are capital, and there is much in the examples of EICKHOUT and GRIELEN'S to repay a careful examination of their works.

American art is chiefly known in Europe through its productions in sculpture, and yet in this, the principal exhibition of the nation, there is but one work in that department, the *Infant Ceres*, a child's bust of cabinet size, by PALMER. The rare beauty of this object almost compensates us for the want of more numerous specimens. The mythological attributes with which the artist has endowed it, explain, in some degree, a precociousness in the proportions of the head, to which we might otherwise be inclined to object. This part is too columnar in its outline to represent a perfect embodiment of the mould of childhood; and we may venture also to refer, at the risk of being thought hypercritical, to the extreme sharpness of the red margin of the lips, which is the more conspicuous among forms of such exceeding softness and delicacy. We are almost ashamed, however, to mention any drawbacks upon the merits of a work which all the world, artist and amateur, the cultivated and illiterate are unanimous in admiring. We hoped that BROWN would have had something in the Exhibition, particularly the *Indian defending his Child from a Panther*. We had the privilege

of seeing the model of this work, and thought it promised to become one of the most successful attempts of American art in this department.

The number of objects in sculpture in the great French exhibition, which has recently closed, was four hundred and sixty-six, about one-tenth of the whole. Of these, there were about three hundred portraits, leaving one hundred and sixty works of the imagination. Applying that ratio to our Exhibition, we should have had forty productions in sculpture, and at least sixteen examples of its higher walks. The principal cause of this almost entire absence of so important a branch of art, is probably that its American followers are chiefly resident in foreign lands, and connoisseurs at home do not extend to it the attention and support it deserves.

Our readers will observe that, in the preceding remarks, we have noticed generally those pictures only which had something in them that deserved praise. There are numerous works in the Exhibition which are undeniably bad. We believe that these are sufficiently well known without our taking the trouble to point them out. We have preferred the more difficult and (shall we say?) less timid course of indicating certain merits which have been sometimes overlooked. It is a very easy thing to call every painting a daub, and profess a degree of fastidiousness which nothing but the undoubted work of a world-renowned master can satisfy. We think those critics do a better service, however, who conscientiously attempt to discover and exalt talents which the world may be disposed to neglect, and cheer, if but with a single word of encouragement, the lonely artist who is toiling along the difficult pathway that leads to fame and honor.

The wood engravings that accompany this article are from Mr. Rossiter's *Types of Beauty*, and Mr. Durand's *Kaaterskill Clove*, both of which were noticed in the May number of the Bulletin. N. N.

#### THE CITIES OF ART AND THE EARLY ARTISTS.

##### NO. VII. PARMA AND CORREGGIO.

In the previous sketches of this series we have already traced in part the progress of Art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as displayed in the Italian capitals, their galleries, cathedrals, and churches, in the works of the famous elder masters. At Florence, in the cloisters of San Marco, and amongst the precious relics of the Academy, we found, in the pictures of FRA ANGELICO, the Dominican monk, the purest dawn of Christian art, free and unencumbered by the mists and fogs of its earlier and more immature revealings. At Perugia, amongst the Umbrian mountains, we walked with PERUGINO, the master of Raphael, and his precursor in the noble style of painting which the scholar afterwards perfected. At Milan, the varied and prodigious genius of LEONARDO DA VINCI displayed itself in works immortal in fame, but only too perishable in substance. In the Vatican, and under the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, we lingered in admiration of the sublime and beautiful creations of MICHAEL ANGELO and RAPHAEL. Our last pilgrimage to those shrines of Italian art revived the glories of Venice and the brilliant hues of TITIAN.